

The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. X.

QU'APPELLE, N. W. T., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

No. 3.

QU'APPELLE.

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PORTER MEETS ALL TRAINS.

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A BIG DOLLAR'S WORTH.

The Winnipeg Weekly Tribune, which is acknowledged to have—seen by rival publishers—the largest circulation of any paper published in Canada west of Lake Superior, is now offering great inducements to intending subscribers. It can be obtained from now to January 1st, 1895, for \$1—a very slight advance on the cost of the white paper used in its publication. At its regular price of \$1 a year the Weekly Tribune is certainly extra value, and with the balance of this year free the offer becomes an extraordinary one. The fact that the Weekly Tribune reaches more than in the North-West than any other paper published in a strength of 10,000 copies a week, and gives more Manitoba and North-West news from its own correspondents than all other Winnipeg papers combined. This is especially interesting to the settler, as almost every district is represented. It can be had from now to the end of next year by sending \$1 to the Tribune Publishing Co., Winnipeg.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distress in Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. Sold by C. E. Carthew, Qu'Appelle.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rhumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by C. E. Carthew, Qu'Appelle.

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Bar supplied with best brands of Liquors and Cigars.

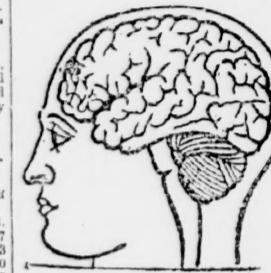
TERMS MODERATE. PORTER MEETS ALL TRAINS.

LOVE & RAYMOND, Proprietors.

TWO-THIRDS OF ALL OUR DISEASES & AILMENTS

ARE CAUSED BY

DERANGED NERVE CENTRES AT THE BASE OF THE BRAIN.


IATE discoveries have absolutely proven that the Stomach, Liver, Lungs, and indeed all internal organs are controlled by the nerve centres at the base of the brain. The manufacturer of THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVOUS TONIC AND STOMACH AND LIVER CURE has studied this subject closely for more than twenty-five years, and has lately demonstrated that two-thirds of our Chronic Diseases, are due to the imperfect action of nerve centres, either within or at the base of the brain, and not from a derangement of the organs themselves; hence that the ordinary methods of treatment are wrong.

As all know, a serious injury to the spinal cord will at once cause Paralysis of the body below the injured part; it therefore will be equally well understood how the derangement of the nerve centres will cause the derangement of the different organs of the body which they supply with Nerve Fluid or Nerve Force.

The wonderful success of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVOUS is due alone to the fact that it is based on the foregoing principle. The use of a single bottle of this remedy will convince the most incredulous. It is, indeed, a veritable Nerve Food and WILL RELIEVE IN ONE DAY the varied forms of Nervous Disease and Stomach Troubles.

NERVOUS Diseases.

This class of disease is rapidly increasing each year, on account of the great wear our mode of living and labor imposes upon the nervous system. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent upon nervous exhaustion, impaired digestion, and a deteriorated and impoverished condition of the blood. The SOUTH AMERICAN NERVOUS is a great nerve food and nerve builder, and this accounts for its marvellous power to cure the varied forms of nervous disease, such as Neuralgia, Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervous Choking, Nervous Paroxysms, Twitching of the Muscles, Hot Flashes, Mental Despondency, Forgetfulness, Sleeplessness, Restlessness, Nervousness of Females, Palpitation of the Heart, Sexual Weakness, etc., etc.

HARTFORD CITY, Blackford Co., Indiana, June 8. '93.
South American Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN:—I received a letter from you May 27, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from Nervous Prostration, and your duration, though the use of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVOUS, and also for my tinnitus, I will gladly state how I was afflicted and how I was delivered from my pain and suffering. I was near thirty-five years old, when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefiting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells, and these would be from eighteen to twenty days at a time that I could not retain anything on my stomach. Many consultations were held by physicians over my case, but they all agreed that I would never leave my bed. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Cincinnati, to come and treat me. I found having spells like lightning, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I found a doctor who could not rise from my bed or walk a step, and had to be lifted like a child all the time suffering intense pain, and taking almost every known medicine. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw an advertisement of your medicine and concluded to try one bottle. By the time I had taken one and one-half bottles, I could rise up and take a step or two by being helped, and after I had taken five bottles in all I felt real well. The shaking went away gradually, and I could eat and sleep good, and my friends could scarcely believe it was I. I am sure this medicine is the best in the world. It was a god-send to me, and I believe it saved my life. I give my name and address, so that if any one doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster, or any citizen, as all are acquainted with my case. I am now forty-one years of age, and expect to live as long as the Lord has use for me and do all the good I can in helping the suffering.

MISS ELLEN STOLTZ

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above, cure you?

C. E. CARTHEW, Qu'Appelle, Wholesale and Retail Agent.

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To Toronto, Montreal,
New York and all
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TACOMA, SEATTLE, PORT-
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AUSTRALIA

FROM VANCOUVER.
S.S. Miwora Nov. 16
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FROM VANCOUVER.
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FARM LANDS FOR SALE.

The North-West Lands of the Estate of the late W. R. THISTLE, comprising

4,000 ACRES

Of Valuable Improved

FARM PROPERTY

ARE NOW OFFERED

FOR SALE ON

Most Reasonable Terms.

For full particulars apply to

A. D. DICKSON,

BARRISTER,

QU'APPELLE.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by C. E. Carthew, Qu'Appelle.

PEAR'S SOAP.

IMPERIAL TOOTH SOAP.

VIOLET POWDER.

FULLER'S EARTH.

BIRD SEED, &c., &c.

CREAMER BROS., DRUGGISTS

And Stationers,

Qu'Appelle Station.

Office of

J. P. CREAMER, V.S.

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Baby Carriages

Where there is such a fine display

of FURNITURE, PICTURE

FRAMES, &c., &c.?

No! Where is that?

At Bulyea's Store,

OR COURSE.

WALL PAPER

IN PROFUSION

From 8c. to 35c. a Roll

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CARTHEW'S

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COAL

IS NOW

Cheaper than Wood.

American Hard "Store," \$12 de-
livered, \$11.50 on car.

Canadian Anthracite "Store," \$9.25 de-
livered, \$8.75 on car.

Galt, \$6.35 on car, \$6.60 in shed.

Hassard, \$4.50 delivered, \$4 in shed.

Have a look at my Drop Siding,

\$23.

J. H. MacCAUL,

QU'APPELLE.

The Qu'Appelle Progress.

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Two inches 1.50 3.00 5.00 20.00

A WOMAN'S STORY.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

I can understand what she felt now, and how in her grief she was hardly conscious of my existence, and that she did not really care whether I went or stayed. I can sympathize with her now. She has told me how she hardly missed me in those days of agony—only awakening sometimes as if out of a dream to wonder that my place was empty. We had been so much together, I running after her everywhere like a dog, she never tired of me, or impatient with me; and yet in that overwhelming sorrow she almost forgot that she had a daughter. She has owned as much to me; and I have never felt wounded or angry that it should have been so with her, since I have been able to understand the nature of such a grief as hers. But at the time I was heart-broken by her coldness.

Aunt Emily took me to London and gave me over to the nurses and governesses in her house in Harley Street. It was a very large house, the largest in the street, I believe, and it was built for a rich nobleman when Harley Street was new, and there was nothing but fields and country villages to the north—no Regent's Park, no squares and terraces, and never-ending streets as there are now. It was a fine old house, with paneled walls and decorated ceilings, and large rooms at the back; but it seemed, of such a dreary house to me after our garden by the river, and our bright, gay room.

"Father is dead, and mother doesn't love me any more," I said to myself again and again, as I sobbed myself to sleep in the strange bedroom, where the very curtains of the bed were an agony to me because of their strangeness. I had never been parted from my mother before. Wherever she and my father went they had taken me with them.

My cousins are all older than I, and they had to work very hard under a French and a German governess. Fraulins taught them music and painting, and mademoiselles taught them French, attended to their wardrobes, with a useful maid under her, superintended their calisthenic exercises and dancing lessons, and was "responsible for their figures." I cannot help putting that phrase in my book, for I heard my aunt use it very often. Her great desire was that her daughters should be accomplished and elegant in all their attitudes and movements.

"I expect them to be statuettes in repose and graceful in motion," she said; and it gave her almost a nervous attack when she saw Clementine sitting with her toes turned in, or her feet and ankles twisted into a knot under her chair.

There is no malice in saying Aunt Emily's idea of education was the very opposite to that of Uncle Ambrose. He taught and trained me to be happy in solitude, as he was, to be good company for myself, and to find new interests every day in books. Aunt Emily wished her daughters to shine in society, to talk French and German, and to play and sing better than any other girls in her circle, and above all, to make the very most of their personal advantages. She is very candid in the expression of her ideas, and makes no secret of her views upon education, so there is no harm in my recording them in this journal, which nobody is ever to read, so I might be as malicious as I like without injuring anybody.

Mother says that I am very uncharitable sometimes in my ideas and judgments, and that a large-hearted charity is a virtue of agerather than of youth. I know that I am quite to see the weak points in the characters of my friends and acquaintances, and I dare say I am just as blind to my own defects.

It is a lucky thing for Aunt Emily that her five daughters are all good looking, and two of them decidedly handsome. A plain daughter would have been an actual affliction to her. All the ugliness of the family has concentrated itself in my son, my cousin Horatio, a very plain boy. But fortunately he is scientific and promises to be a shining light in the medical profession; at least that is what his father and mother say of him. He has made a profound study of sanitation, and he can hardly talk to any one five minutes without mentioning sewerage. He is always altering the lighting or the drainage or the ventilation in Harley Street, and his father complains that his experiments trouble the rent.

Horatio was eight when my father died, and while I was at Westgate with my mother and two governesses he used to come down to us on Saturday and stop till Monday, and I must own to my diary, which is kind of him, that I used to which I can drop any accusations I like, that he gave himself great airs to his sisters and the governesses, and was altogether very disagreeable.

Those summer weeks at Westgate were the unhappy period of my life. I look back at them now, I am grown up, and wonder that I ever lived through them. My parents were kind to me in a condescending way, and the governesses were very sorry for me, and tried to comfort me; but there was no comfort for me, and after night I dreamed of my dead father, and woke to the agony of knowing that I should never see his beloved face or hear his dear voice again, except in dreams. I then grew up people, forgot how keenly they grieved and suffered when they were children, and that they never told a mother's child's grief. I know that when the governesses tried to console me she always made me just like—more miserable than ever before she took me. *He is a bad boy*—was about Heaven and my father.

I heard by accident, as I was not intended to hear it, that my mother, a very ill, dangerously ill and was very unhappy about her after extracting again and again with passionate tears to be taken to her. I made up my mind to walk to London, and from London to River Lorn. I looked at the map of England—sometimes when my cousin was kind to me, and I knew that to reach Lancashire I must go through London. I lay awake all night thinking of how I was to get away, on the evenings and the mists were so bad, and I was still an invalid, and had not gone beyond the garden since her illness.

There was a carriage at the station to take us home, but mother wasn't in the carriage. When he saw my disappointment, Uncle Ambrose told me that he was still an invalid, and had not gone beyond the garden since her illness.

"But you look as if you couldn't have been more sorry," I said, for indeed I had never seen such sadness in any face as I had seen in his that day.

Mother was lying on a sofa by the drawing-room fire—the evenings were beginning to be cold, and she was an invalid—wrapped in a large white Chincarape shawl and a feathered cap. She had been ill for ever since I could remember anything. There was a middle-aged woman in the room, mostly dressed in black with a white cap and apron, whom afterwards knew as one of mother's nurses. She had had two nurses all through her illness, one for the

day and the other for the night; for there had been one dreadful time when it was thought that she might try to kill herself if she were left alone. Yes, she was changed, more changed than Uncle Ambrose. She was wasted to a shadow, and there was no color in her face. Even her lips were white. Her beautiful hair, which father had been proud of, had all been cut off, and she wore a little lace cap, which covered her close-cropped head, and was tied under her chin. Her poor hands were almost transparent.

She gathered me up in her arms, and she kissed and cried over me, and I thought even then that it did her good to have her little daughter back again. She told me that that these tears were the first that had brought any sense of relief with them. She lit me into a corner of her sofa, weak as she was, and she kept me there till my bed-time. She had my supper laid upon little table by the sofa, and she fed me and cared for me with her own feeble hands, in spite of all the nurse could say, and from that night I was with her always.

"I don't know what it is to me to have my little girl again," she said to the nurse. "I don't know what it is to feel this from her beginning to melt, and to know that there is something left in the world that I care for."

"I shall never forget him," I said.

"No, my darling, he will live in your memory and your mother's, but your memory of him will be sad and sweet instead of bitter and cruel. He will have taken his natural place in the past, and his shadow will not darken the present as it does now."

"Let me go home soon," I said, clinging to him, when he was leaving Westgate in the afternoon. "Pray, pray, pray let it be soon."

"As soon as ever your mother is well enough to see you darling," he said, "I will be back to you again. I had always had the next place in my heart after my father and mother, but he seemed nearer to me than ever after that day, and he has never lost the place that he took then, or the influence that he had brought over from the cottage. He answered mother with a smile a minute afterward.

"Yes, it is a blessed thing to know we can love and be beloved," he said.

Mother told me afterward that there was a reason for sympathizing with her in her grief, more than any other friend. He, too, had lost his mother and, though his good and devoted young son, after a brief illness, almost as suddenly as his loss had come upon her. He, too, was alone in the world, but for an only child, his son, of whom he was doubtless very fond. But, mother added, there were times when she fancied that he was fonder of me than of his own son.

Our lives went on very quietly after that day, and from that day I was mother's only companion. We have never been parted since, though days at Westgate, and we have lived out of the world.

Mother said that next year, when I should be eighteen, she will have to go to work for my sake, and that she will not be able always to go on refusing invitations to garden and tennis parties all along the river banks from Marlow to Rawling. It will be only right for me to see a little more of the world, mother says, and to mix with girls of my own age. I suppose I shall like it when the time comes, but I have not been part of any girl's life since I was born.

"There is no other thing in this world that comes before my duty to my little pupil and her mother," he answered, in his low sympathetic voice.

We went off to the station in an open fly together. I'm sure my lively cousin must have been very glad to get rid of a crying child that used to moan in corners; but they couldn't be gladder to part with me than I was to go away. I had tried to take an interest in their lessons when the German governess urged me to employ my time in having lessons instead of dull and difficult composition. Uncle Ambrose's way of teaching me. The French was always grinding at grammar—white, except so far as learning my French verbs, I hardly knew what grammar meant; but, without vanity it is only fair to Uncle Ambrose to say that at ten years old I knew a great deal more about the history of the world and the people who had lived in it than my cousin Dora, who was eighteen. And even in those days I knew something about the great poets of the world, of whom Dora and her sisters knew nothing; for Uncle Ambrose had told me all about him and his wonderful history of hell and heaven, and of good and evil, and of his Faust; and I had read Milton's story of Adam and Eve and the fallen angel who tempted them, and Shakespeare's "Tempest" and "As You Like It," and "Midsummer Night's Dream," aloud to me, to familiarize my ear and my mind with poetry, while I was still a child, he said. I had to thank his kind for all I knew, and for being a better companion to my mother than I could have been if I had had a fraulein and a mademoiselle to teach me.

When we were sitting in the railway carriage, and the sun was shining full upon Uncle Ambrose, I said to him for the first time that there was a great change since the summer. I had been too excited and busy to take notice of it before; but I saw now that he had grown thinner and paler, and that he looked older and very ill. I put my arms round him, and kissed him as I used to do to do in the dear old days. "Poor Uncle Ambrose," I said, "how sorry you must have been! I love you better than ever, dear, because you are so sorry for us." His head was leaning forward on his breast, and he gave out a great sob.

That was his only answer.

How distinctly I remember that journey through the clear September light, by great yellow corn-fields, and the blue bright sea, the blue hills, and orchards full of fruit, and then houses, and houses, and houses and at last the air grew dull and thick, and the sun seemed dead, and this was London.

Uncle Ambrose was silent and thoughtfully went all through the journey, which seemed so long—so long, as if it would never come to an end and bring me to mother and home! I have been to the Highlands since then, and to the Riviera, but those journeys were with mother, and they did not seem half so long the journey from Westgate to London, and across London to Paddington, and from Paddington to the little station at Euston, where we waited for father that evening—for father who was then, never, never, never coming home to us again.

At the sight of the station, and the station master's garden—which was all of a blaze with dahlias and hollyhocks now, where the sweet peah had been blooming—I burst into tears. They were the first I had shed since I left Westgate; but the sight of the garden brought back the memory of that evening when I walked up and down with mother, and when we were both very gay and happy, talking of father, and of what he would say and how he would look when we saw his face at the carriage window.

I have but to shut my eyes now, after seven years have changed me from a child to almost a woman, and I can see the station lying all among the meadows by the roadside, and the blue bright sea, the blue hills, and orchards full of fruit, and then houses, and houses, and houses and at last the air grew dull and thick, and the sun seemed dead, and this was London.

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Uncle Ambrose was silent and thoughtfully went all through the journey, which seemed so long—so long, as if it would never come to an end and bring me to mother and home! I have been to the Highlands since then, and to the Riviera, but those journeys were with mother, and they did not seem half so long the journey from Westgate to London, and across London to Paddington, and from Paddington to the little station at Euston, where we waited for father that evening—for father who was then, never, never, never coming home to us again.

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THE FARM.

Improving a Run Down Farm.

Having lost my health at the age of twenty-four years, while engaged in business, and in consequence having lost all my savings, I concluded that an outdoor life was necessary for me, writes a correspondent. I purchased an upland farm, which had been let for twenty years, and was in a really run-down condition as to soil, buildings and fences. I ran in debt for the full amount of the purchase money of the farm, and also for the stock put upon it.

I started in the dairy business, with the determination to improve my farm and stock. My rule of practice has been to raise each year all that I could of feeding grain, and feed out all that I raised, caring for the manure, both solid and liquid, applying to the land, as made. The man who occupied this farm for six years before I took possession, told me that it would support twenty cows, and that, possibly, I might be able to keep twenty-five cows. Fifteen years from that time I kept on my farm, both winter and summer, seventy-eight cattle and four horses, raising a thoroughbred bull for grading stock. I very soon increased the average milk yield of the herd, from 40 to 50 pounds per head.

The farm now consists of 290 acres, 210 of which are cleared of timber, but only 150 acres are present available for cultivation.

As the soil is a loamy clay, with hardpan underneath, I have not practiced sowing, sowing when pastures have been poor; neither have I used plough, so there is still much chance for improvement. I believe that any farmer may continuously improve his farm by feeding the crops grown thereon to domestic animals, if he will carefully save and apply the manure made from them. I do not believe in being confined to a single hobby, and think that, as farmers, we should advance all along the line, and never be satisfied with present achievements.

The conclusion I draw from my farm experiments and observation is that, in general, dairy farms can be purchased in some places for less than the improvements cost, and with good management of farm and stock, will prove to be a safe and profitable investment. It may be well to add that my farm is now paid for, my health restored, my family well educated, and otherwise well provided for.

A Dairy Woman's Way.

Dorothy Tucker says: I wish you could see my calves. They have had skim milk since they were a few days old, but in addition to the skim milk they have had a little ground thistle and wheat middlings cooked. As the calves grow older we give them a little more of porridge. The milk is drawn from the creamery and we put the hot porridge in it, so the temperature of the milk is always the same when fed each day and the milk is always sweet. They have a feeling of alfalfa every day and their stable is well ventilated and cleaned every day. They are straight, sleek and growing. The meal has really cost very little, and the calves are much better than if they had been fed whole milk, as they are being reared for dairy animals, not beef. If you wish to fatten a calf add more meal as much as they will digest. The breeder should watch the calves and feed them one as it requires. Some will digest more than others.

It is not until cold weather before beginning to fatten the animals that are to be sent to the shambles. Now is the time, when the pastures are nutritious; a little extra feed will accomplish what three times the amount will not do when it is cold and the grass frost-bitten. Everything that increases the comfort of an animal pays.

The annoyance from flies may be very much relieved by dipping a sponge in soap-water and a small quantity of carbolic acid has been mixed and rubbing the cows with it. Sow by eminent is one of the best tonics.

The better a cow is cared for, and the better the system of feeding, the more profitable she will be in every way.

There is a growing demand for sweet, melted butter, but this must be put up in shiny half-pound prints and taken directly to the consumer. The attractive way in which butter is put up goes long way to creating a good market, and this demand is growing every year.

Notes.

The richer the feed the richer the meat. Regular feeding is an important item in successful feeding.

It is a waste of raw material to feed an unprofitable animal.

Fod is too high to feed it to any but the best stock this winter.

Most straw and oil meal will make that straw pile valuable feed this winter.

Let the stock have the first picking of the straw, then use the oats for bedding.

As a general rule it is the most profitable to use mature sizes and dams in breeding.

Milk keeps better even in cool weather if drawn at once after being drawn from the cow.

The more straw you have the more you should use about the barn and stables. Don't burn any.

When fattening an animal push from the start—gradually at first, of course—and save time and feed.

Over feeding is a waste—for indigestion is the result and food that is undigested, unabsorbed, is wasted.

If the young stock are not thrifty when they go into winter, we doubt if they will come out thrifty in the spring.

If you think you can starve a calf for a week, then feed well for a week and have it catch up in thirty you are mistaken.

Save your children good, sound enter-taining and morally healthful reading. Subscribe for the best magazine for your wife.

All animals enjoy a clean, dry bed at night. Do you know anything better than good straw and plenty of it to make such a bed?

Provide the means of contentment and improvement in your home and the power of temptation over yourself and your boys is much lessened.

Any farmer who says he cannot afford to keep good stock is mistaken. No farmer can afford to keep poor stock.

If you are far from market all the more reason you should sell finished products from your farm—hogs, cattle, horses, butter, wool, mutton or eggs.

When the animal is ready for market is the last time, nine times in ten, to sell. All good and after maturity is fed at a decreased rate often at a loss.

Has not been the cost of wintering some of the unthrifty cattle on your place. Compare them with their progeny the first of next May, and see if you will not pay to send them into the meat market and their carcasses to the chicken coop.

Pretty Bad

Jack—"That cigar you gave me was the worst I ever tackled."

Tom—"That's because you never tackled any of your own."

POLICE CRIMINALS.

A Picture of New York City in the Nine-tenth Century.

Cleansing processes are usually accompanied with a good deal of dirt, and the preliminaries to the municipal cleansing of New York city are no exception to the rule. Some of the revelations that have been made exhibit human nature in its meanest aspect. This is well illustrated in the case of Mrs. Callie Urchittel. This poor woman came from Russia to New York three years ago and soon after her arrival her husband died, leaving her with two or three children. She was young and strong, and to earn bread for her children she began to keep boarders, chiefly poor foreigners from her own country. In this business she saved by economy and hard work, \$500.

At length she found herself unable to do the exacting work required of her, and on the advice of friends she invested a portion of her savings in a little tobacconist's shop.

In the meantime it had got noised about that the widow Urchittel

HAD MADE A LITTLE MONEY

out of her boarding house, and the police of her neighborhood saw that she was just the sort of game they were in search of. She was a woman with no influential friends; she was a foreigner, scarcely knowing a word of English, and therefore almost entirely ignorant of her own rights and of the powers of the police. Two of these "guardians of the peace" immediately began prospecting. One of them, named Hussey, went to her, and said it was well known that she had made money out of an improper business, and that unless she gave him \$100 she would be arrested. She hardly understood the man, but denied that she had been engaged in any improper business, and said she had no money to give anybody. Hussey went to her again, and said it was well known that she had made money out of an improper business, and that unless she gave him \$100 she would be arrested. 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The Week's News AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The elections are over—and so is the agony.

The Grand Trunk has raised its rates on lumber.

Mrs. R. Graham is visiting in town at Mr. W. Wilson's.

Many an anxious heart mourns the loss of a vote cast in the wrong direction.

Mr. Jas. Buckham, representative of McMillan Bros., was in town on Tuesday.

The North-West delegation to Ottawa are quite satisfied with the result of their mission.

The Japs have again whipped the Chinese, and this time 17,000 of the Celestials were routed.

Mr. J. Love and Chas. Hamilton returned from the ranch, Touchwood, on Monday night.

Hon. W. Laurier is telling his friends in the east that the North-West is a magnificent country.

Mr. Robert Barnes, of Medicine Hat, late of Qu'Appelle, arrived in town on Friday night on a visit.

Quite a number drove down to Indian Head on Saturday night to attend Mr. Davidson's public meeting.

A dance took place at the house of Mr. Joe Craig, Jr., Edgeley, on Friday, 19th inst. About thirty were present and enjoyed themselves immensely.

Sir John Thompson left Ottawa for New York en route to England on Monday last, and expects to be absent about three weeks. His visit has no political significance.

"When the war is over, we shall wear a crown," was the song of the candidates but not the election. Now there is only one crown worn, and that is the other fellow's.

Twenty million dollars in sight for the construction of the Hudson's Bay Railroad; preparations will be made at once; the ties will be got out this winter.—N.W. er.

On the train for the west on Wednesday morning were a number of German immigrants bound for the Edmonton district. They were all apparently well-to-do and thrifty settlers.

Mr. R. E. Smith, tonsorial artist, has removed to one door south of Mr. Bulyea's, and has everything in shape for conducting his business with comfort to his customers.

Arrangements are being made for the holding of a grand musical and literary concert in the Schoolhouse, Edgeley, on Friday evening, November 16. The proceeds are to be devoted to the school fund.

Mr. R. White, of Montreal, and Thomas P. McElroy, of Winnipeg, two general commercial men, arrived in town on Tuesday. Yesterday they drove over to the Fort in the interests of their respective firms.

A gentleman, thinking that the Indians were good weather prophets, asked one of them on the street the other day what kind of a winter we were going to have. The Indian in reply said "I will tell you better in the spring."

Mr. McElroy, of St. Thomas, Ont., is in town. Mr. McElroy represents the "Happy Thought" oil can and lamp filler—a simple device for filling lamps and saving the patience of the thrifty housewife, or anyone who has the handling of oil.

Frank Klein and Otis Savage, two young men of respectable parentage, living at the Dalles, Oregon, have been arrested for having robbed the Pacific Express Company of \$14,000 on October 1. One of the prisoners confessed, and all but \$200 of the money was recovered.

One of our old townsmen, Mr. H. A. Axford, paid us a visit on Friday last. He was on his way from Prince Albert (where he represents the Massey Harris Company) to Winnipeg to settle up the year's business. Prince Albert appears to agree with Mr. Axford, and he is well satisfied with that part of the country.

The Bank of Montreal received a cable message the other morning to the effect that the new Dominion 3 per cent. loan, tenders for which were opened in London, has proved to be a success, the total application being eleven million three hundred thousand. The loan was over-subscribed more than five times, at prices up to ninety-nine and five eighths.

Rev. J. Macallister and a little girl named Lizzie Johnston had a somewhat unpleasant experience on Sunday last. Mr. Macallister had been conducting divine service at Indian Head, and was driving home, accompanied by the little girl. He had occasion to get out of the rig, and before he regained his seat the horse started, overthrew the vehicle, leaving the little girl in the road, and started for home. Mr. Macallister and his companion layed to walk some five or six miles. The

horse was discovered entangled in a fence near the reservoir, and the only damage done was a broken shaft.

Mr. N. Faulkner, of Montreal, is in town renewing acquaintances. His many friends in this place are always glad to see him.

Lieutenant-Governor Mackenzie has been confined to his room since his arrival in Ottawa. Examination by his physician shows he is not suffering from scatica at all, but from an injury to the hip bone received at the time of his accident last fall. Since new treatment has begun he shows signs of improvement, but will probably have to use crutches for some months.

TERRITORIAL EXHIBITION.

We are requested to publish the following letter from Mr. R. B. Gordon, secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor, to Mr. J. Doolittle, secretary to the South Qu'Appelle Agricultural Society:

Sir.—By direction of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, I have the honor to suggest the advisability of your society making early arrangements for securing the best exhibits of the year 1894 that can be had in your district for entry at the Territorial Exhibition, proposed to be held at Regina, in all probability, in the latter part of August, 1895, and that where possible you will secure the co-operation of your local newspaper in giving publicity to this suggestion. As the success of the Exhibition may prove of pecuniary benefit to each Agricultural Society throughout the Territories, His Honor will be glad to have the views of your society upon the subject with any suggestions you may desire to offer. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. B. GORDON,
Secretary to Lieutenant-Governor,
N.W.T.

MILK—ITS ELABORATION.

Milk is elaborated in two large glands, lying side by side, and running lengthwise of the body. These are called the mammary glands, or more commonly the udder or bag.

In order to understand as well as possible the processes connected with the making of milk, a brief description of the structure of the mammary glands will be needed. Each gland has two openings, situated at the lower ends of the teats. From these openings, up the middle of the teats, run milk canals, which originate in milk reservoirs in the upper portion of the teats. Into each of these reservoirs empty three or four milk ducts, which subdivide and ramify into all parts of the udder and terminate at last in small vesicles or cavities lined with epithelial cells. It is in these cells that the milk is formed.

Exactly how the processes of secretion or elaboration are carried on is not at present definitely understood. Scientists advance two theories known as the transmutation theory and the metamorphic theory.

The transmutation theory supposes that the constituents found in milk are simply filtered from the blood of the cow through the cells lining the vesicles. The main objection to this theory is that the constituents of blood differ considerably from those of milk, and some of those constituents which are found in both are in different proportions.

Those who hold to the metamorphic theory maintain that milk is formed in the milk glands from the cells of the gland itself, the cells decomposing or breaking down and the tissue being built up again by the formation of other cells. In all probability a combination of the two theories would give the most satisfactory explanation. In this way we would suppose that the milk, sugar, caseine, and fats are formed from the breaking down of the epithelial cells, while the water and salts are principally derived by transudation from the blood.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

LELAND.

W. R. Bell, D. MacGillivray, Geo. Thompson, E. H. Brooks, Jas. Harvey, S. R. Edwards, Indian Head; R. E. Small, Montreal; W. Ford, G. Auburn, General Agent Uncle Tom's Cabin Co.; J. R. North, Joseph Zinkan, Fort Qu'Appelle; H. A. Axford, Prince Albert; John Moore, J. W. Leathorn, H. A. Galbraith, Toronto; R. Sylvester, Lindsay; J. Perkins Jones, Edgeley; E. H. Thomas, Thos. P. McElroy, J. T. Scott, Winnipeg; A. L. Holmes, File Hills; Jas. Dromgol, London; John Love, Charles Hamilton, Touchwood; Robert Morrison, Vernon; W. W. McClellan, St. Thomas, Ont.; David White, N. Faulkner, Montreal.

QUEEN'S.

El. B. Brooks, Indian Head; W. Symonds, Regina; Harry A. Berdus, Broadview; Jas. Buckham, S. T. Scott, Weyburn; A. McPhee, Mrs. McPhee, G. B. Howard, Mrs. Davis, M. Stanley, Miss Baker, Little Lettie, W. H. Scott, H. Robertson, A. Conroy, W. Jackson, W. Baird, J. Log, F. Wilson, J. A. Jenkins, Uncle Tom's Cabin Company.

R. Sabery says the Lords must go. So does Salisbury, but in a different way.

SALVATION ARMY COLONIZATION SCHEME.

Considerable alarm has been caused to some by the report that the Salvation Army organization was preparing to dump a horde of pauper immigrants into Canada. Some journals appear to have jumped at conclusions in considering the proposed Salvation Army colonization scheme, and have drawn out the picture of a ragged horde of useless vagrants, paupers and criminals, who are to be gathered from the slums of Britain and dumped down on the prairies of Canada, to become a burden upon the community here. In view of the explanation of an official of the Salvation Army stationed at Winnipeg, all this alarm seems to have been unnecessary, or at least premature, as it is explained that there is no immediate prospect of the establishing of an Army colony here. The officers have not even investigated the prospects for establishing a colony in Canada, and it is quite possible they may decide, after mature investigation, not to establish a colony here. So far as the scheme has at present advanced, the preference seems to be in favor of planting the Army colony in South Africa, while there is perhaps as great possibility of going to Australia as to Canada.

The Salvation Army colonization scheme, when explained however, does not seem to be a just cause for alarm.

In fact the plan is the most thorough and practical one yet proposed in the line of colonization undertakings. In fact, General Booth, head of the Salvation Army and originator of the emigration scheme, seems to have studied out the question of emigration very thoroughly. He says in his book:

"Men and women have simply been dropped down into countries without any regard to their possession of ability to earn a livelihood, and have consequently become an incubus upon the energies of the community and a discredit, expense and burden. The result is that they gravitate to the towns and compete with colonial workmen and thereby drive down wages. We

need not wonder that Australians and other colonists should object to their countries being converted into a sort of dumping ground on which to deposit men and women totally unsuited for the new circumstances in which they find themselves."

His plan is to avoid these mistakes by making thorough preparations at each end. The intended colonists will be prepared for their future home, and their homes will also be prepared for them before their arrival. This is certainly the correct basis for immigration work. A farm colony has already been established in England, where the intended colonists will be put through a course of education in agricultural work, and drilled in economy, industrious habits, patience and perseverance. This course of training will be persisted in from three to five years before the colonists would be transferred to their new home. In its undertakings in other directions, the Salvation Army has always shown wonderful perseverance, as well as thoroughly systematic efforts of a practical nature. In its immigration scheme the plan outlined seems as good as could possibly be desired. Those who would go through the course of training prescribed, would undoubtedly make desirable, rather than objectionable settlers. Useless characters would certainly not submit to such a course of discipline at home. In fact only men of perseverance and naturally industrious habits would remain through such a course of discipline as is prescribed in theory and the metamorphic theory.

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Winnipeg Markets.

(From the Winnipeg Commercial.)

Wheat was weak on the opening day of the week. The visible supply statement showed an increase of 1,566,000 bushels, the corresponding week a year ago the increase was 1,739,000 bushels and for the like week two years ago the increase was 1,312,000 bushels. Wheat locally—Deliveries in country markets have not been as large this week. Prices have had an easier tendency in Manitoba country markets, the usual range being 35 to 40 cents to 45 cents at most points. Round lots of No. 1 hard wheat changed hands on a basis of about 35¢ delivered freight paid, elevator charges paid at Fort Garry. Flours—Flour at 35¢ per bushel. Oats—Oats have held firm all the week, but the nose show a tendency to weaken. Farmers' lots on the street market here have mostly brought 25¢ per bushel of 34 pounds, though some lots were secured lower. Very little car lot business reported. Barley—No car lot business. Farmers are bringing in quite a little, which brings 25¢ per bushel of 45 pounds for feed grade and 35¢ for good milling samples. Eggs—Farm, 14¢ is the quotation for good fresh eggs, for country sops, and dealers are selling at 15 to 17¢ in case lots. Strictly fresh and firm, Butter—Good butter is firmer; poor grades tend lower. We quote selected at 14 to 17¢, medium quality at 13 to 14¢. Choice Quiet. We quote 9 to 9½¢ for round lots, to qualify. Dressed Meats—Beef in car lot, Fair beef has sold at 40¢, and a good deal is quoted at 4 to 4½¢ though some butchers are holding a better class of cattle are getting 40¢ for their best beef. Dressed hogs sold at 6¢, but at this price there is not much in it for the butchers, with live hogs at 40¢. Veal, 5 to 6¢. Poultry—Prices are 12¢ per for turkeys dressed, or 9 to 10¢ per pound. Chickens, 80 to 85¢ per pound, as to quality, or 9 to 10¢ per pound dressed. Mutton, 20¢ to 25¢ per pound, dressed. Pigs—Pigs have sold at 10¢ per pound, which is a rather sharp reduction under last previous sales, and indicates a discouraging situation for holders of mutton sheep.

Winnipeg Observatory.

Reading of the thermometer for the week ending Tuesday, Oct. 30th, 1894.

Wednesday, Oct. 24 63 40

Thursday, Oct. 25 40 32

Friday, Oct. 26 57 29

Saturday, Oct. 27 44 31

Sunday, Oct. 28 46 26

Monday, Oct. 29 50 24

Tuesday, Oct. 30 60 34

WIND DIRECTION AND VELOCITY.

Wednesday, Oct. 24 S. W. 26 6 P.M.

Thursday, Oct. 25 S. W. 36 N.W. 14 6 P.M.

Friday, Oct. 26 S. E. 12 N.W. 10 8 P.M.

Saturday, Oct. 27 S. E. 6 N.W. 6 8 P.M.

Sunday, Oct. 28 S. W. 4 N.W. 18 N.W. 4 8 P.M.

Monday, Oct. 29 S. E. 2 N.W. 26 6 P.M.

Tuesday, Oct. 30 S. W. 20 N.W. 18 6 P.M.

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